CHEERS

PICTORIAL

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

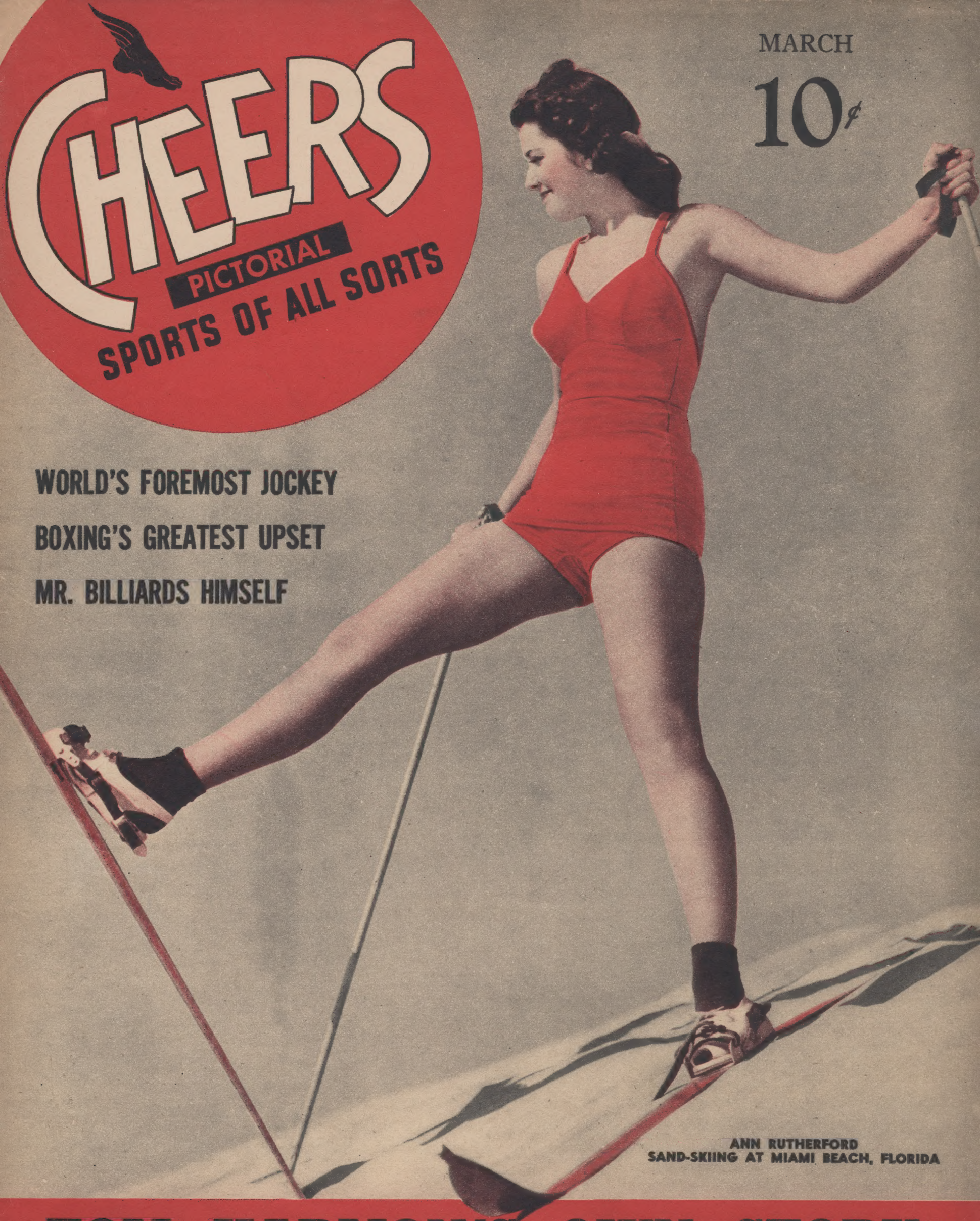
MARCH

10¢

WORLD'S FOREMOST JOCKEY

BOXING'S GREATEST UPSET

MR. BILLIARDS HIMSELF



ANN RUTHERFORD
SAND-SKIING AT MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

TOM HARMON'S OWN STORY

MARCH 1941

CHEERS PICTORIAL SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

VOL. 1 NO. 1

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CHEERS TO VICTORY!

"CHEERS" is aimed at the rooting millions who pack the stands to hail their heroes and teams on to victory. It is to the happy spectators that we dedicate this magazine—to those who fight by cheering, and who can often lend the spirit to make a best play out of a good one. For this great multitude of fans we have planned "CHEERS" the true stories of persons and plays aimed to thrill.

THE COURAGE AND WILL TO GO ON AND WIN IS FOSTERED BY "CHEERS."

MODEL ELIZABETH RYAN EXERCISING ON ELECTRIC BIKE.

Nat Holman Tells Why Youth of Nation Should Play More Basketball

"SURE, about eighty million fans see basketball games throughout the country each season, but that's the number which should be playing it—not seeing it," declared the celebrated Nat Holman, now in his twenty-second year as basketball coach of the City College of New York team.

"That's why they have only been accepting about seventy-five percent of the applicants for service in the United States Army," added Holman. "There is too much watching of games instead of participating in them. It is a crying shame that so many lads between twenty-one and thirty-five years should be so physically unfit that they are unable to pass the comparatively easy army tests. Basketball is an ideal sport and everyone should play it. If they did we'd have a remarkably well-conditioned citizenry."

When you think of basketball you just can't help thinking of Holman. He has been to basketball what Babe Ruth was to baseball.

Nat says his C.C.N.Y. five will uncork many surprises before the final bell rings on the game in the Spring. Last season in Madison Square Garden, N. Y., his outfit defeated the New York University organization, which hadn't been beaten in eighteen straight games.

Holman graduated from the High School of Commerce in New York, where he was such a star that he jumped right into professional basketball, captaining the mighty Celtics, declared by hundreds the best team since the sport was invented a half century ago by Dr. Jim Naismith in a Springfield, Mass., gym.

Holman Was Highest Paid Pro

Nat received the highest salary ever paid a pro player and now he not only coaches C.C.N.Y. in basketball, but he is a professor of hygiene at the college. He has written several books on health and physical culture. He played all the positions but he says he liked right guard best. He was one of the fastest and most accurate shots. His straight-line throws from the field travelled with the speed of a baseball.

"Speed is the big thing in basketball and to play it properly one must be in shape," declared Nat. "Superfluous flesh is shed like a duck does water by those who play it daily. More and more are baseball and football players discovering that basketball experience is of a great importance in their preparation for their favorite pastime. The passing game of gridiron stars is vastly improved by experience on the courts.

"It's almost impossible for an individual in basketball to rise above the crowd as Tom Harmon has in football. Of the thousands who play it is a rarity for any one player to become a standout. Hank Luisetti did it for Stanford University a few seasons back. I was glad to see his amateur standing restored recently and he is now eligible to play for the San Francisco Olympic Club. He lost caste because he had taken $7500 for a movie job.

"There is a new pro star now who may be ranked with the greatest of all time. He is Bobby McDermott, a Long Island boy. He appears to be the best man developed since the days of Johnny Beckman, who played with me on the Original Celtics, along with Dave Banks, Pete Barry, and Dutch Dehnert. It is a strange quirk of Fate that McDermott should be with the Celtics, now owned by Kate Smith of radio fame.

"Basketball is more popular than football, baseball and horse-racing combined, yet the inventor of this wonderful sport which has entertained so many millions and has provided exercise for so many thousands, passed away in Lawrence, Kan., Nov. 28, 1939, almost unnoticed. I think they should have a Naismith Day celebrated yearly throughout the country. They honor so many war heroes why not one who did so much for the peaceful and sunny side of life?

"It was in 1898 that the Doc went to the University of Kansas where he served in various capacities for forty years. It was in order to provide a needed winter sport that with two peach-baskets, a soccer ball and thirteen rules—just like our original thirteen states—he may have had them in mind—he laid the foundation of our great national pastime. It was the biggest thrill of Old Jim's life when he saw his brain-child included in the Olympic Games for the first time, which was in Berlin in 1936.

Basketball Not Dangerous

"The pro end of basketball has been de-emphasized. It is the sport as it is played in club gyms, high schools and at colleges that has caught on everywhere. The best feature of basketball is that it may be played with a minimum of danger. That's why girls participate in it more than they do in any other sport.

"I think my team at City College this season the best I've coached in ten years, which is swell considering that we're celebrating, or should be, the golden anniversary of the founding of the game. I have two redheads — both sophs — Bill Holzman and Claude Phillips—who have the makings of real stars. They are fine shooters and passers. They pair up nicely in the cartwheel passing, which is supposed to be my trade-mark. Big Jim Gerson, the center, is another most promising lad. He is one of the most improved players I have ever seen. Angelo Monitto and Martin Scheinkman make another speedy combination. Al Goldstein is about the best of my reserves. Al Winograd, Eddie Edwin, Harry Fishman and Sid Peck also bear watching.

"Basketball has done lots for me—both physically and financially—and one thing is certain, that young men should fortify themselves so that they'll be fit for the army and longevity, which they can do if they play it. It's ideal exercise and thrilling and it's not dangerous, as are so many other, less speedy games."

Basketball is the great sport it is now thanks to fellows like Dr. Jim Naismith and Nat Holman who devoted their entire lives to it.

HOW TO MAKE HEADLINES

By TOM HARMON

(As told to Alex Sullivan)

PROFESSIONAL football isn't permanent enough for a career. Even were I offered as much as $25,000 for 1941 I'd turn it down, and I already have several flattering offers, because my mind is set upon making good in the radio business. I'll not be content with becoming a broadcaster, script-writer or anything like that, but my ambition is to become an executive. I know I'll have to do all those other things in order to gain the experience necessary to hold down a big job. I also intend taking up civil aviation.

If I lined up with the pro-football even temporarily, it might spoil the chance that I've striven to obtain for nearly four years. When I entered Michigan it was with the firm resolve to prepare myself for a worth-while position in life—and it's just what I mean to get. I'm certain that pro-football doesn't offer any such opportunity, and any length of time spent there would side-track me from my real course.

Not Afraid of Being Hurt

I'm not afraid of being injured and handicapped for the future as in three years of play against the biggest of college teams I have never been hurt badly enough to keep me out of a scheduled game. I could use the money alright, but in the long run what would it amount to compared with what I hope to make if I master the radio industry? Money doesn't mean that much.

When I become a regular sports broadcaster, which I certainly hope to do, I'm going to try to give back to football some of the things it has given me.

I accepted a broadcast appearance after my football career ended, although I knew that it would prevent my playing on the basketball and baseball teams at Ann Arbor, because I needed the $900.00 I received from it.

Radio work I intend to make my vocation—flying my avocation. It's safer and better to be up there dishing it out, in case we ever go to war, than down there on the ground—taking it. I intend applying to the Civil Aeronautics Authority to bolster my flying plans. This will make me a two-way air man—flying and broadcasting.

My first experience in the air came last season when our team flew to California for a game. It won me completely and made me determined to learn to fly. I'm most elated because the Robert W. Maxwell Football Association voted me the annual plaque for being the player of the year 1940. It was more than I deserved, but I sure do appreciate it. What an honor for a poor Hoosier boy to receive.

In my first year at Horace Mann High School, Coach Doug Kerr ordered me to turn in my uniform because I disobeyed when I refused to stop my persistent "snapping" of a mouthful of bubble gum. I was relegated to the second team. I begged for a chance to get into a practise game against the varsity and got it. The opening kickoff I ran to a touchdown, which was a pretty swell way of starting my career. I made an equally nice finish against Ohio State last November, so I'm happy.

Gum also helped me to pay my way through college as distributing it on the campus has been one of my ways of making money. I also waited on tables at one of the fraternity houses, just for my meals; helped out at a bookstore; collected swing records and action shots of football players; answered an average of thirty fan-mail letters a day, mostly from girls; broadcasted fifteen minutes daily; studied hard enough to get a B average; and dated and danced with my sweetheart, Margot Thom, a lovely brunette of Buffalo.

Harmon Knows How to Relax

For a long time I have been making an exhaustive study of the radio technique. I have majored in English, with emphasis on voice culture, enunciation and oratory. I have appeared in college theatricals in order to acquire stage presence. The poise derived from public speaking and acting is most beneficial on the football field as it enables one to relax and ignore the roar of the crowd, which prevents one from becoming rattled.

During last season I was only out of the game for 46 minutes in the eight games of the hard schedule we played, and it was only accomplished by having learned how to relax properly. In addition, nature blessed me with a strong constitution. Most players are hurt only because they are stiff and tense. If they all knew how to relax there'd be few gridiron injuries.

I would be a fool to be tempted by any pro money-lure now, after all the radio studying I have done and the experience I have had writing my own script for my daily fifteen minute sport summaries from the station at Ann Arbor, which has a Detroit outlet. Pro-football comes in handy for most college football grads, but not for me.

HARMON AND MARGOT THOM

I was only twenty-one years old last September, even though I may look older, because my hair is streaked with iron gray at the temples. I am six feet and I weigh 193 pounds stripped, so you see I'm like any other guy in football.

If you want to get your name in headlines all you have to do is go out and get yourself a good blocker like I had in my pal quarterback Forest Evashevski.

There has been a lot said about my great ground-gaining, but I'd never have been able to have done it without splendid blocking on the part of my team-mates. Football is a game in which team-work is absolutely necessary. I was a lucky stiff to have been the fellow who carried the ball.

Reagan just had a day off when our teams clashed, just as I had when we met Minnesota last season and against Illinois two seasons ago. In 1939 when we beat Penn in a close battle 9 to 7, Reagan was the best back I ever played against. Two seasons ago Reagan gained 350 points against us but only 10 in 1940.

I should have been horse-whipped for missing that point after touchdown that cost us the battle with Minnesota. I also slipped once when I had a wide opening, which might have resulted in a touchdown.

Bruce Smith of Minnesota was the best back I played against last Fall, and Northwestern the best team we met. They had a terrific line.

Harmon's Brothers Athletes, Too

I was born at Rensselaer, Ind., which is fifty miles from Gary. I have three other brothers, all athletes, and three sisters. Harold excelled in the 100 and 220 yard dashes at Purdue; Louis played on the championship 1934-1935 basketball team of that college and was named All-Conference guard; Gene captained the Tulane basketball team last season.

I won 14 letters in four sports at Horace Mann High School where I received my football baptism. I ran the 100 yard dash in 9.9, and did the low hurdles in 22.4, which mark still stands in the Indiana prep school championships. I advise all lads who take up football to play it cleanly with all their neads and hearts to get the most out of it.

In my first high school football year my team didn't win a game. I started finding myself in my junior year and in my senior made the entire list of "All" teams, our eleven then going through its schedule without a defeat.

I'm not saying this egotistically, but the girl fans are harder to escape than tacklers on the football field. Most of my fan-mail is from girls. One girl even left a rouge imprint of her lips and nothing else on the paper inside the letter she sent me. Another letter was addressed just "98" (the number on my jersey) Ann Arbor, Mich. The only girl that I'm dating is Miss Thom and things haven't become any too serious with us as yet, but they may when I start making good in the radio business.

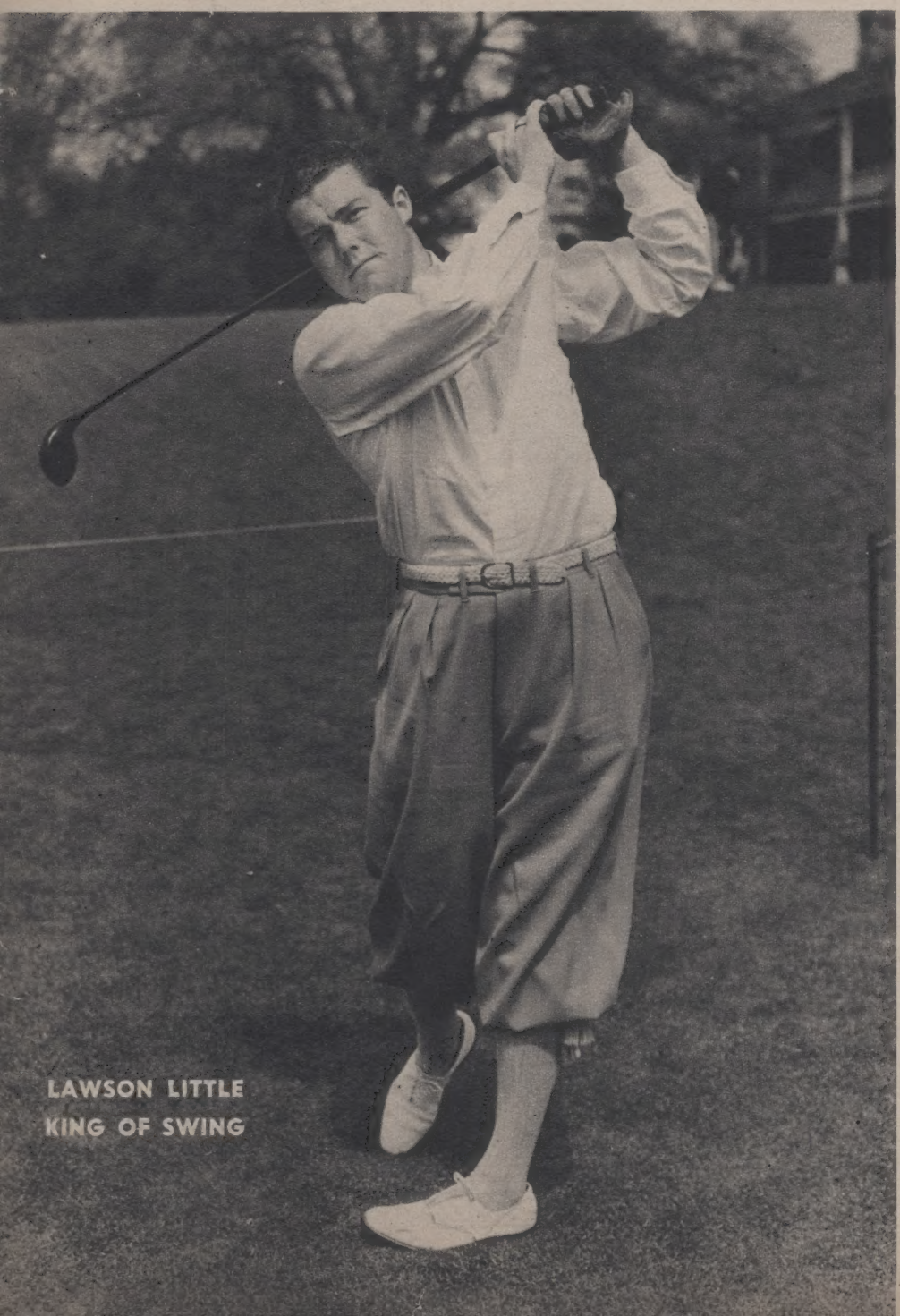
I like football better than track, baseball, and basketball combined, which are the other sports in which I competed.

I have pitched three no-hit games playing summer ball. I made the Western Conference All-Star teams three years in a row. I created a new all time Western Conference mark of 237 points and a new touchdown record of 22, which was two better than that of the Wheaton, Ill., Iceman—Red Grange.

In my valedictory to the chalked arena I needed two touchdowns to tie Red Grange's record—so I made four and beat it. I needed plenty of yardage to become the Nation's chief ground-gainer, so I rushed 161 yards and passed for 148 more, completing the year with 1,368, which was 12 yards more than I had in 1939 when I finished second to Kenny Washington of UCLA, who had 12 games to Michigan's 8.

I was named for the second year running as the Michigan eleven's most valuable player, having been responsible for 153 of my team's 196 points—Boy, I sure have been lucky!

Dorothy Scott, seventeen-year-old North Bennington, Vermont, all around girl athlete, in practise round at golf during a sojourn at Hollywood, Cal. She knows there's many a slip 'twixt the ball and the cup, so she is measuring the distance so there just won't be any slip in her case.



LAWSON LITTLE
KING OF SWING

LITTLE—GOLF BIG SHOT

LITTLE, CUP AND WIFE

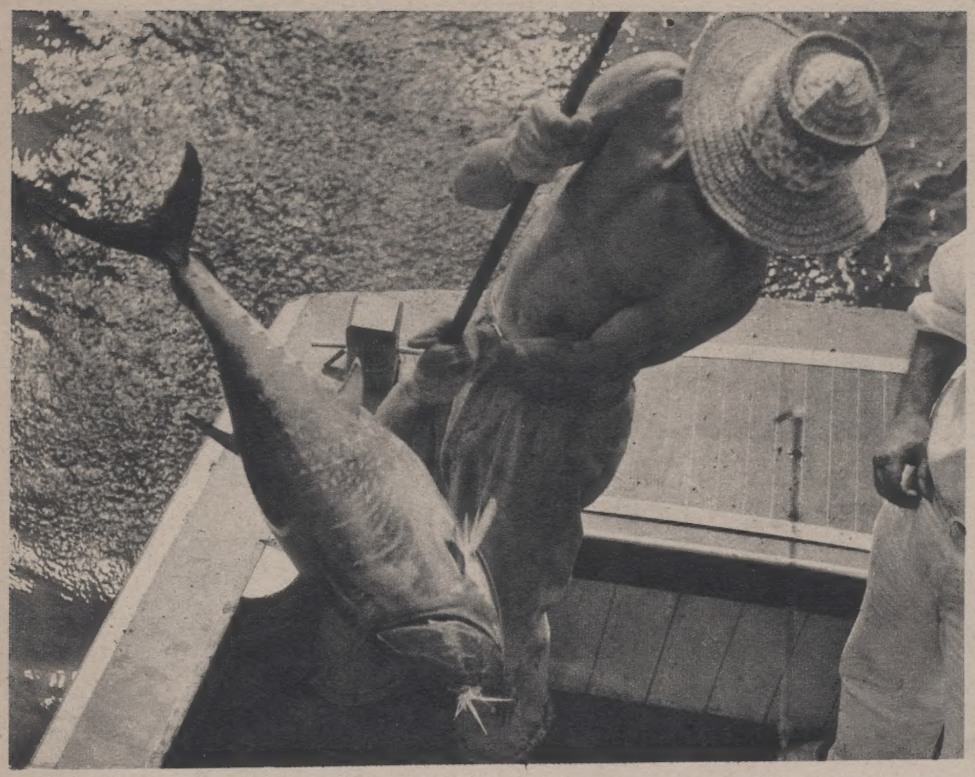
Red streaks of dawn stippled the great steamer as it glided majestically up New York harbor. Over the rail hung a big, broad-shouldered husky, his face a mask of imperturbability. If you'd have given a penny for his thoughts, Lawson Little, on the right, would have told you that he was thinking of the long ride back and wondering if he'd ever make the grade as a pro.

For that was in July, 1939, and Lawson was arriving home after his numbing defeat in the British Open. That defeat on British soil had been all the more humiliating, for it was there in 1934 and 1935 that he scored his greatest triumphs. For, five years ago, Lawson Little rode the crest of the golfing wave—an amateur king to be mentioned in the same breath with Bobby Jones. Indeed, he had done something that not even Jones had been able to do when the Emperor was at his peak. He had won both the British and United States Amateurs in successive years, four straight triumphs over the greatest in the game.

But then in 1936, he had turned pro and ebb-tide had set in for Lawson Little, a tide that reached its low point in that British Open. Most fellows would have been willing to call it a day that morning in July, 1939. But not Lawson.

After debarking, he went up to Bretton Woods, N. H., and started his golf life all over again. For hours he worked.

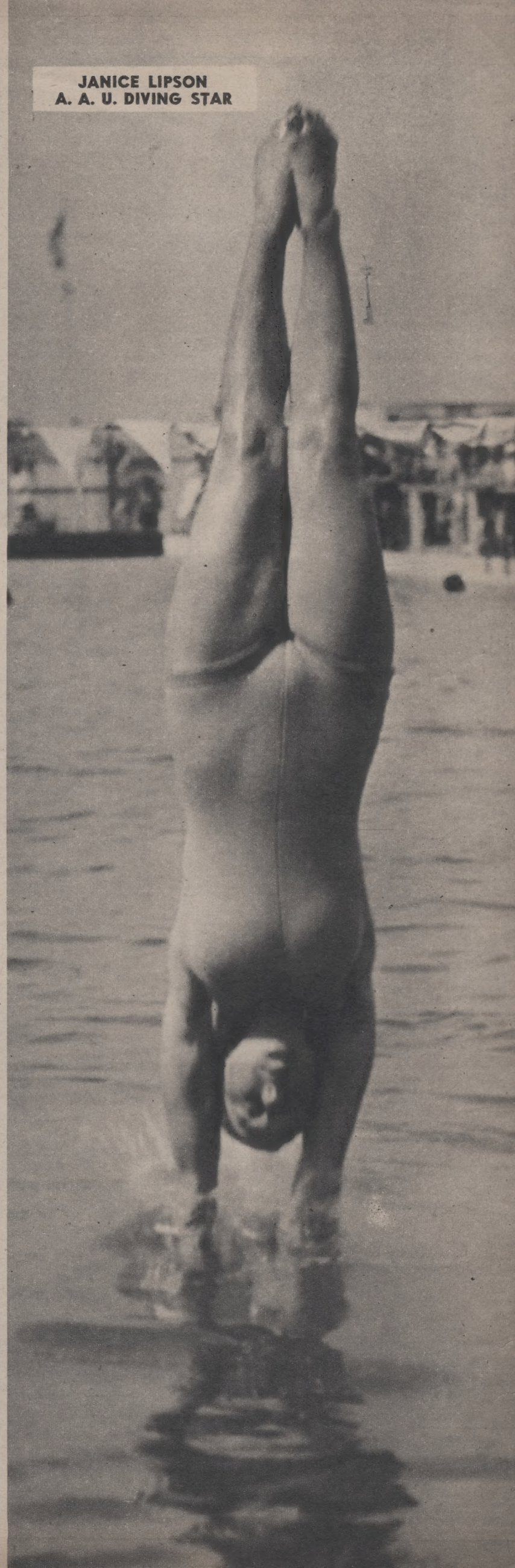
Still nobody gave him much of a chance when the greats of the game teed off at Cleveland's Canterbury in the National Open last June. But his lovely wife, Dorothy, kept saying, "Watch Lawson, he's ready." He was. How he tied Gene Sarazen at 287 over the regular 72-hole route and then whipped the little Roman decisively in the playoff is history. Now he's the champ, the guy who came all the way back.



Hooked and gaffed by Mate Sam Collins of the fishing boat "Empress Ann" the fifty-pound tuna fish proved an ample meal for all hands when Sam shouted to them after the tuna was safely aboard, "Come on Gang." Catch made off Freeport, L. I.

The Sea-Que, a class F racing runabout, owned by H. E. Sampson of Covina, enjoyed tremendous success in the outboard regattas held at Long Beach, Cal. This bucking bronco of the briny has won many cups and prizes in important events.

I. B. Baker, Norwich, O., sportsman, getting the first moose of the season in Southern Ontario, with the aid of his guide, Hank Haskins. who lured the bull by imitating the call of a female moose on his horn. It was an 1100 pound shot.



WOOLF IS TOP MONEY RIDER IN AMERICA

Thirty-One-Year Old Jockey A Terror in Race that Means Something

By HARRY LEE

MEET George Woolf, America's foremost money rider. You can take all the Earl Dews, Walter L. Taylors, Warren Eadses and other jockeys who suddenly flare into the limelight—they sizzle and die out—but give me Georgie Woolf. When the chips are down and Georgie is up—then you'll see a first-class job of race riding.

Walter Miller, Isaac Murphy, Tod

JOCKEY WOOLF

Sloan—name 'em all—Georgie takes a backseat to none. He rides high, wide and handsome, with the devil take the hindermost!

Georgie is no impetuous kid just learning the ropes. No indeed; he's a full grown man of 31, and he's learned his profession from the ground up.

In Montana, where he hails from, they're thrown into the saddle when they've hardly learned to toddle about. As a matter of cold fact, Georgie doesn't know exactly when he rode his first horse, or even his first race.

"Shucks," he'd answer to such a query. "Seems as if I've always been on a horse. Must have been born on one."

Out in the cattle country a match race is an impromptu affair. Just let two horsemen meet on a road somewhere and you've got a race at the drop of a hat. Perhaps that's the reason why Georgie is so good at two-horse contests. Another lad might easily get flustered with the spotlight on him; but not our hero. He booted Challedon home ahead of Can't Wait in the Pimlico Special last Fall to earn for the crack Brann colt the title, "Horse of the Year," two years hand running. In 1938, he was also aboard the Special winner, Charles S. Howard's Seabiscuit, which rocked all turfdom when he practically ruined the former mighty War Admiral by handing him a four-length beating.

Woolf, well-schooled riding quarter horses in his native State, broke the 'Biscuit away from the starting line like a shot, ran the Admiral bowlegged and drew away as if in a mere exercise. As you may remember, War Admiral was looked upon as a veritable cinch. Under an avalanche of bets, he descended in price until he closed at 1—4. No one thought that the ol' 'Biscuit would take tops on Man o' War's little boy; but he did—all because of the rider perched on his back.

Seabiscuit, Trainer Tom Smith and Georgie Woolf—what a triumvirate!

Nothing Turns Georgie's Head

But these things are nothing to turn Georgie's head; he's been pulling such stunts from the time he stepped into a saddle at a recognized racetrack after serving an apprenticeship on the leaky roof circuit. Yeah, Georgie learned to ride the hard way, where a boy needed sharp wits, plenty of guts and a cool head in order to exist. And he came through his baptism of fire tempered like a piece of fine steel.

Georgie Woolf dropped into the world in 1909 at Babb, Montana, a small horse and cattle town that you probably never heard of before. His father dealt in livestock, thus there were always a lot of horses around and it was only natural that the youth spent more of his childhood aboard a horse than afoot. On the distaff side, too, horseback riding was his heritage; for his mother had been an equestrienne of some renown. Making it a case of horse right through the family, Georgie's two brothers are bronco busters riding the Western range. He also has a sister, but whether she, too, is so inclined is not known.

Following his formative years, which were spent mostly around his home and at insignificant tracks throughout the mid-West, Georgie blossomed out as a top-class jockey about 14 years ago. He brought home his first winner at Tia Juana, in Mexico. From that time on his deeds were such as to make expert horsemen sit up and take notice.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!" became a familiar cry when Georgie was in the saddle. The expression must have been coined for him, as he soon became Cowboy George Woolf. But it was one of respect, rather than a disparaging remark, for Woolf early demonstrated that there were few of his skill, judgnent, daring and coolness riding at the course below the border. His services were much in demand and even at that early date he had his pick of mounts, a privilege enjoyed only by ace jockeys. The average boy accepts any horse he can get as long as he can earn the $25 or $10 fee, the former for winning. But not Georgie. Choosey then, he still is particular about the kind of animal he rides. That alone should serve as a tip-off to players that when Woolf is up the horse has an excellent chance.

When Tia Juana closed its doors for good, Georgie packed his tack and moved over to Agua Caliente, another Mexican track. In rapid succession he piled up victory after victory, astounding shrewd racing folk with his remarkable ability. Astride the Pacific Coast's turf immortal, Alexander Pantages, he captured the two-mile Agua Caliente Handicap in 1930. The following year saw him make off with the Agua Caliente Oaks aboard Miss Baggage. In 1932, he came to Kentucky and dazzled Blue Grass horsemen with a brilliant exhibition on Gallant Sir in the Latonia Championship. Continuing farther East, he won the Maryland Handicap with the same horse. Then back to Chicago to annex the Arlington Handicap and the Hawthorne Gold Cup with Plucky Play.

All this in one year, it had the turf world in a frenzy. But Georgie had hardly begun to compile his great record.

In 1933, he returned to Agua Caliente and again won the Agua Caliente Handicap, this time with Gallant Sir. That year the stake carried a net worth of $44,605 to the winner and the huge prize was enough to command much publicity. But with Woolf the central figure, it created a sensation.

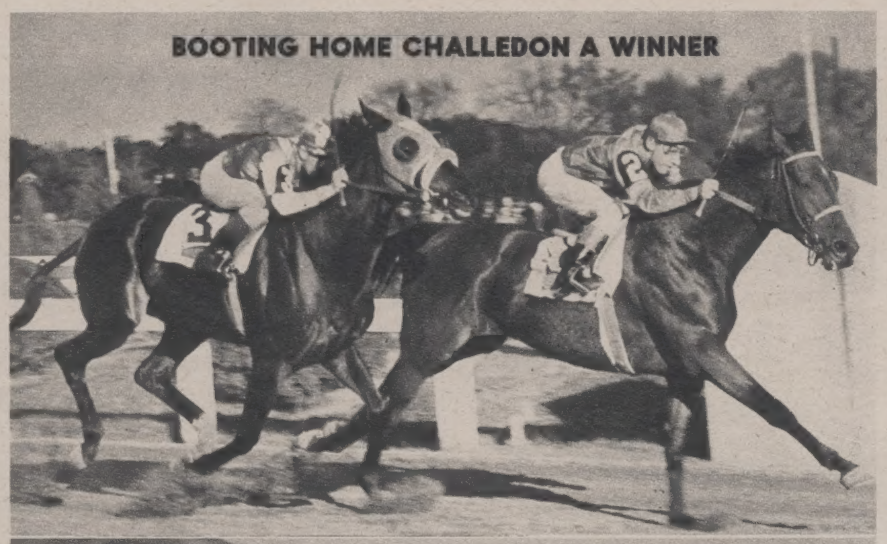
Looking upon Caliente as his lucky stamping ground, Georgie returned the following year and won the Agua Caliente Derby with Riskulus and the Futurity with San Luis Rey.

Woolf's Victory on Azucar

Just about then a group of Hollywood motion picture notables and California sportsmen became interested in racing, pooled together a sum said to have been $5,000,000 and built beautiful Santa Anita Park. The track opened late in 1934 and its meeting ran into 1935. Everything done in real Hollywood style, the new organization posted $100,000 in added money for the Santa Anita Handicap. It was a move that was heard around the world and a wild scramble ensued. Turfmen throughout the length and breadth of America forwarded the entry of their horses. Everyone wanted a crack at the pot of gold. A big field gathered at the starting line on the day of the race; the stands, club house, lawn and infield were jammed to capacity with howling enthusiasts as the horses got away for the running of the first Santa Anita Handicap—but who do you think was atop the winner as he thundered under the wire? None other than Georgie Woolf! Yes, on the back of Azucar, a reformed steeplechaser, came Cowboy Georgie in a characteristic ride for the $108,400 bonanza.

What particular feat gave Georgie his greatest thrill, he was recently asked.

"Well," he drawled, "I guess it was winning the Santa Anita with Azucar."



BOOTING HOME CHALLEDON A WINNER

RECEIVING CUP AT PIMLICO TRACK

EVENTS IN EXCITING CAREER OF JOCKEY GEORGE WOOLF

HORSES TO WATCH!

Five Star Special

CHERRY JAM—Has been freshened up.

Last-Minute Report

BUNNY RABBIT—Speedy as her name. Fit.

Likely Longshot

ONE SHEN—Baker is seeking the right spot.

Clocker's Standout

AGRICOLE—Speed marvel. All set to win.

Railbird's Delight

WISE BRAVE — Wilson will soon turn him loose.

Paddock Preference

BAY CARSE — Jones is ready to crack down.

Recommended Plays

OUR BOOTS — Futurity winner. Highly regarded.

LITTLE BANNER — Ace router. The further the better.

U-BOAT—Has speed to burn. Fit and ready.

TIDY WHISK—Better than many know. Watch closely.

BLACK LEGION—Will win at a price. In fine shape.

CADMIUM—Brooks will locate a soft spot. Tab.

MY GRACIOUS—Much better than generally rated.

MANY STINGS—Loves the Miami air. Should win often.

MULTITUDE — Another that improves in Florida.

MAGNIFICENT — Working like a wild horse. Bedwell trains.

MAR LE—At peak of form. Should win over a route.

PANORASCOPE—Razor-sharp. Needs but to be placed right.

DUDIE—Strictly a sprinter, but a good one. Smart barn.

AFTER DAWN — Good colt. May develop into a champ.

MEET REAL "MR. BILLIARDS" HIMSELF

Willie Hoppe Most Remarkable Champion of All Time — First Title in 1906

By CAREY ALEXANDER

THE greatest champion that ever lived! That's Willie Hoppe, 53 years old now, his hair taking on a silver tint and weighing only 35 pounds more than he did in 1906, when at the age of 18 years, in Paris, he defeated the great star, Maurice Vignaux. There were 3.000 howling Frenchmen present in the ball-room of the Grand Hotel there and only a few Americans, among them being Nat Goodwin, famous actor, and his backer, Eddie Foy, another well-known stage star, and Tod Sloan, noted American jockey.

That was 35 years ago and what great changes have come over the world in that time. Willie has seen two generations of athletes come and go and now here he is a champion at three-cushion billiards, a branch of the game he took up many years after he had won titles at the 18.1 and 18.2 and other styles. And in his winning of the three-cushion crown in the big tourney at Chicago last April he accomplished the greatest feat not only in the history of that game, but which sport experts say is the outstanding accomplishment of all time in any sport.

In a sport that requires steady nerves and keen eye every second, in a "tourney" that lasted 27 nights he won every game—twenty in all. Nobody ever did anything near like that at billiards. He broke the record of 17 Tourney wins that was made by Otto Reiselt in 1926. Not only did he do that but he broke the grand average mark with 1.161 points, surpassing the record made by Welker Cochran in 1935.

Hoppe Hopes to Continue for Years

Although he has been a champion and star for 35 years he is confident of continuing in the game for many years to come, as having beaten all the stars in the Windy City Championship Tourney he doesn't see anyone in sight who seriously threatens his throne.

Willie has probably averaged $25,000 yearly because of his cue wizardry ever since that eventful night in Paris 35 years ago when he took the mighty French player into camp. Life has been one year after another of practice and self-denial for Willie, who was known for many years after his debut as the "Boy Wonder," a title he always detested.

Hoppe has rarely gone to the movies, although he likes them, because of fear of eye strain and he never drives a car because he believes it stiffens the wrists.

Good sturdy legs are needed in billiards so he daily takes long walks and before an important match or tournament he does a lot of running in addition. He rarely smokes and seldom drinks as steady nerves and a keen eye are absolutely necessary to maintain his "touch."

When the Chicago tourney opened, or just before it, he was stale and had to be urged to enter by his friends. He had done a month's intensive training and just before he was prepared to entrain for the big battle for the three-cushion crown and the $3,500 in prize money he lost form.

However, the day before hostilities were scheduled to start he got into a sweepstakes game with several of the other entrants. In this game each man put up fifty cents and the first to click off seven points took down all the money. Willie won nearly every game and attained such a recovery of form that it carried him successfully through the nearly a month of arduous competition.

Biggest Thrill of Hoppe's Career

"Mr. Billiards Himself" says that the biggest thrill in his entire career was when the balls clicked for the final point in his last match of the tourney which gave him 50 points to the 40 scored by Jake Schaefer, son of the late so-called "Wizard" against whom he not only toured the country in exhibitions when he was in short pants but whom he often defeated in regular matches and tourneys. When Hoppe defeated the younger Jake in that final match it thrilled him so because it enabled him to have a clean slate in this most difficult game, although if he had lost this match it wouldn't have affected his winning the tourney as he already had easily sewed it up against the cream of the ivory world. Wow! Twenty wins and no defeats at such a difficult game!

As Willie looks back his eyes twinkle when he recalls how President Taft requested that he play for him in the East Room of the White House.

Courtesy German-American Rathskeller

HOPPE WAS FIGURATIVELY BORN WITH A CUE IN HIS HAND.

That was in 1911 when he was still being called "The Boy Wonder." Diplomats, members of congress, the cabinet and other distinguished guests of the nation's executive, attended. He was most afraid in his appearance before such big shots in world affairs that he'd have to make a speech and the very thought of it made his knees knock. Maurice Daly, the famous New York billiard-room owner, advised him just before he left for Washington: "You just make those balls and your cue do the talking for you. Billiard players are not supposed to be orators."

Hoppe asked Taft if he wished him to give an exhibition and was told that he'd rather see him in competition, so Nick Longworth, who became President Teddy Roosevelt's son-in-law and was then a congressman, volunteered to play against the great star of the cue. The match, of course, was one-sided, as Willie, youth-like, wanted the head of the U. S. A. to see him at his best.

After the match President Taft asked Willie to show him some of the shots he used in winning his titles and was most interested in his curling draw shot for which he placed a glove on the table, making the ball curve around it in a wide semi-circle in order to make the carom.

Started Playing When Only Six

Willie started playing billiards when only six at his father's hotel and lunch-room at Cornwall-on-the Hudson where he first saw the light of day. His dad had to place a box for him to stand on and often he sat on the table in order to make shots. His father sold the hotel and took Willie, then seven, and his brother, Frank, nine, on barn-storming trips. When his brother got tired of the long jumps and desired to return to school he played against his mother who was clever with the cue. Willie wishes that the women of today took more interest in the sport—he feels that if they did it would still be as popular as it was twenty-five years ago when it was played everywhere. He thinks tennis, golf and the auto have been responsible for the sport's decline in general interest.

Before he went to Paris in 1906 for the match that really established him Hoppe had won considerable recognition in this country, although when he asked George Slosson, the national champion, to meet him for the customary $500 a side, he was told to "go get a reputation." Upon his return he easily defeated the man who had spurned his challenge and who evidently tried to usurp the glory and acclaim that Willie had earned abroad.

Hoppe has won titles at 18.1 and at 18.2 balkline time and again, having had long stretches of possession of both titles; at 14.1 and 17.2, less popular styles. He made a record at the last named in 1937, running 248 points.

Many say that if Hoppe had ever elected to play pocket billiards he could have beaten Ralph Greenleaf.

Still Uses His Old Cue

And the funny part of it all is that he still has and still uses the same cue with which he scored his first signal triumph in Paris. Of course it has worn off thousands of tips in the meanwhile and usage has caused it to lose half an ounce in weight, but it still is the same unfailing cue that has made him the greatest billiard player of all time.

Down the years Willie says a lesson his dad gave him when a boy has been a big factor in his success which was his advising him against conceit, saying to him: "When your head is top-heavy you can't keep your feet on the ground."

Hoppe has appeared before presidents and kings, been a friend of the famous American author, Mark Twain, played with such stars in other sports as Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones and Jack Dempsey, competed before crowds that represented the class and wealth of this nation and other lands, but he has never allowed himself to get a big head. He has always been a modest, unassuming chap and a good loser in defeat. Furthermore no gambler has ever dared to approach him to "throw" a match. He's that honest.

Several times down the years it has looked to both the public and himself that he was "through," but he doggedly tried until he restored the stroke that is absolutely necessary in order to achieve success at such a hard game as is billiards, especially the three-cushion game.

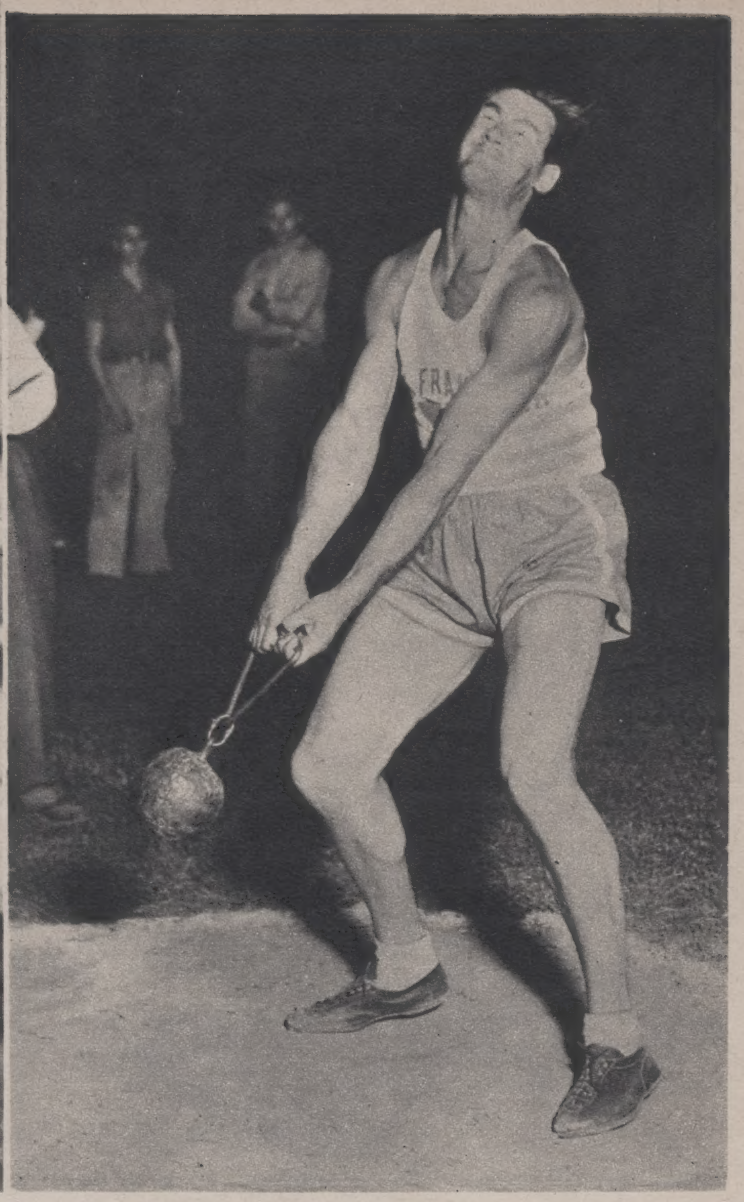
Willie became adept with the cue younger than anybody before or since. At fourteen years he was appearing at Daly's Academy on Broadway, giving away handicaps. When Jose Ortiz, champion of Spain, was visiting, he was mentioned as a possible opponent for Willie. He was indignant when suggested he receive a handicap and agreed to play the clever American lad on even terms. Willie beat him four straight games. It was around this time that Willie entered his first 18.2 tourney, an event which he later held for years in the palm of his hand.

Hoppe Has Seen Many Changes

Just think of the great span of years that Hoppe has remained supreme at his profession! When he was taking Paris by storm in 1906 Mordecai Brown of the Cubs was the National League's best pitcher; Rube Waddell, the eccentric left-hander, was standing American League clubs on their heads; Tommy Burns was claiming the heavyweight title by virtue of the fact that he had defeated Marvin Hart, previously designated by Jim Jeffries upon his retirement as his successor; Alec Smith was winning the National Open golf title with a card of 295; Electioneer was capturing the Belmont Futurity with Wini Shaw on his back; Teddy Roosevelt was President of the U. S. A. and the world was being shocked at the San Francisco earthquake horror that cost 452 lives and $350,000,000 in damage.

In those two generations have come the radio, planes, autos, air-conditioning, frigidaire and other startling discoveries. And to imagine a fellow who was then becoming an international hero, at 18 years, 35 years ago, should now at the age of 53 still be springing surprises with his cue. His last feat the greatest of all—one that many deem greater than was Bobby Jones' grand-slam at golf, the winning of three boxing titles by Henry Armstrong; Charlie Brickley's five field goals for Harvard. which beat Yale 15 to 0; Jesse Owens' Olympic triple triumph, Babe Ruth's 60 homers in a season or Bill Tilden's winning of 157 games at tennis in one day.

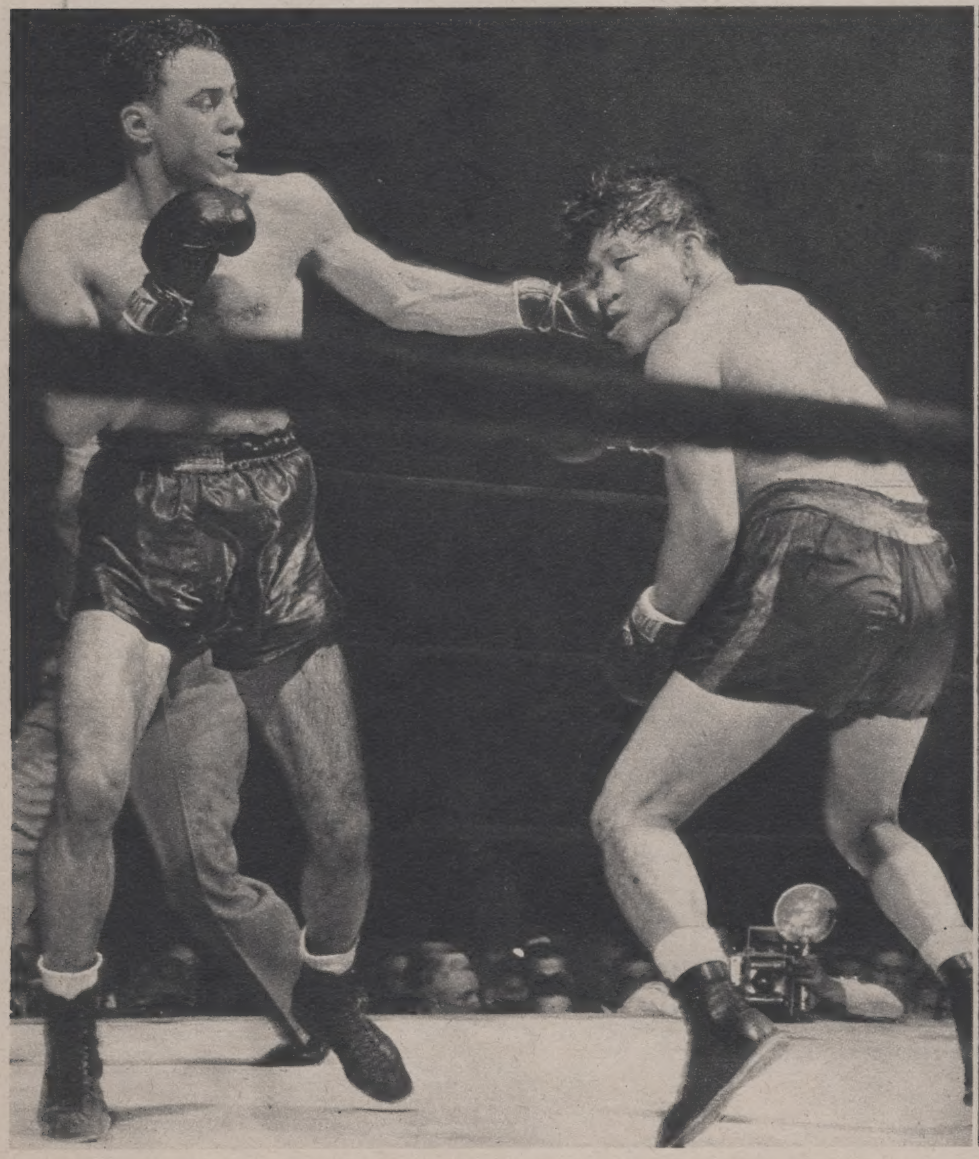
One Brunette down. During a recent Hollywood Models' Croquet tournament held at Hollywood, of course, by way of diversion, an ambitious photographer—or mayhap it was a press-agent—arranged what he thought was a novelty. Marylin Tousley, however, before she'd start to play insisted on doing a bit of limbering up and above is one of the exercises she took.



Tom Montgomery of the Olympic Club caught about to toss the 56-pound hammer. Note the strained expression on his face as snapped by the speed-ray camera. In this workout at the Senior A.A.U. games at Fresno, Cal., made 34 ft. 3/8 in.

Catherine Fellmeth is one of the nation's foremost female athletes. She won the national discus championship at Chicago for the second successive year during the recent outdoor season. The magic eye camera, which sees all, slowed down the action to give you an idea of Catherine's technique—and she has plenty of it. She belongs to the Chicago Hurricanes and it was during the championships in the Windy City that she was "snapped." She is a devotee of softball, bowling and basketball, besides excelling in track and field events other than the discus. But Catherine never passes up a chance to dance when some boy friend takes her out.

That dizzy whirl that bike-riders go through for six nights and days as they did recently in Chicago is enough to cause spills and above is probably the worst one ever taken since the sport was inaugurated a couple of generations or so ago. The shot was made just as Gerald Debaets, left, skidded on the track in the path of Cecil Yates, who attempted to jump with bike and all, over the fallen cyclist. Reggie McNamara and other stars retired from the sport only after having received broken bones galore. They are human cushions for splinters. It's a tough sport—but most of them gain weight, rather than lose it, during their hectic sessions.



Steve Belloise, at left, seen uncorking hard smash to Ceferino Garcia's face. Blow not only twisted Filipino's features out of shape, but made his legs wobble. By batting out this victory Steve earned a crack at Ken Overlin's middleweight title. He lost decision although he nearly put the champ away. In return battle Steve was again outpointed. Overlin went into the ring a sick man. Good thing for Steve that Ken wasn't well.

Charles Chuck Fenske of the University of Wisconsin, shown on left as he was about to give Glenn Cunningham, the former king, another trimming, expects a real big season on the indoor tracks during the spring 1941 session.

ALICE DESERTS TENNIS "WONDERLAND"

Famous Miss Marble Forsakes Amateur "Racket" for Professional Ranks

By EDDIE GATES

ALICE is no longer in "Wonderland." She has deserted the amateur tennis world, where she was the Queen, for the grim, "Wonder-No-More-Land"—the professional tennis racket. She won't have to worry from now on where the next meal is coming from.

Yes, sir, Miss Marble, who reigned since 1938 in the amateur game, has accepted a guarantee of $25,000 from those who manage the tours of the male stars such as Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Don Budge, and Ellsworth Vines, to accompany them in an exhibition tour throughout the U. S. A., Canada, the Canal Zone and Nassau.

Unlike Eddie Windsor, who gave up his throne for the "woman he loves," Queen Alice quit her's because of the Almighty Dollar that she loves. You see, Alice is a born business woman. Everything is dollars and cents with her. You can't pay the grocer, the baker, the candle-stick-maker with cups—and that's the only reward (supposed to be, anyway) in the amateur tennis world.

"What I'm so much impressed with about that deal with the professional tennis people," said Miss Marble, "is that I'm sure of $25,000 for 1941—and it may run into twice that much if the tour pays as well as expected.

Money Means Lots to Alice

"Money means a whole lot to me. At last I will have sufficient money to do the things I've wanted to do since I was a little girl and buy all the things that I desire."

Although she hasn't been beaten in tournament playing since 1938 she became fed up on it, as it wasn't getting her anything. She didn't like it a bit that time she had to play over 100 games in one day in the closing rounds of the National tourney championships—when she competed in both the singles and doubles. Alice concluded it was foolish to risk ruining her health for a mere cup when those bright, shining dollars could be secured—heaps of them—for just signing her name to a pro contract. In pro tennis she'd never be worked like the way she was for nothing.

That Miss Marble had about made up her mind to turn pro was indicated last Fall when she accepted a job broadcasting football dope. Right then and there she had placed one foot inside the pro tennis domain. Probably even then she had agreed to later affix her signature to a pro tennis contract. Alice had gone commercial on us.

"My real ambition in life," said Miss Marble, who admits to 26 summers—but she doesn't say how many winters—"is to become a great singer. As you know, I have done quite a bit of concert work and some day I hope to land in grand opera. (No, she didn't say Grand Rapids or the Grand Canyon.)

"Already I have spent a lot of money on voice culture with a professor in California. I mean to do plenty more studying. In my travels with the tennis group I will practice singing every spare moment. I mean to stick to pro tennis playing and teaching the sport also, until I'm about thirty. By then, if all things go well, I will have enough money put aside to do me the rest of my life."

Miss Marble Stone-Hearted

Miss Marble is as stone-hearted as her last name indicates. It is said that the promoters had to put the $25,000 guarantee she is getting up in the bank before she put her Jane Hancock on the dotted line. An additional $10,000 she counts on from making endorsements.

It's funny what latent talent an athletic star develops who has basked in the sport spotlight for any length of time. Miss Marble is reported to be writing a book, designing dresses, and slated to write a sports column.

It is Miss Marble's belief that Helen Jacobs, who has held the title before, will be her successor as queen of the tennis courts. It was Miss Jacobs who carried Alice to the championship finals at Forest Hills, N. Y., last summer. In speaking of that occasion, the retired champ said:

"I know that people say that Miss Jacobs is getting too old for it, but judging by the game she played against me—and the way that she fought her way to the finals—I feel sure she'll prove my successor.

"I'll allow there were times last season when Miss Jacobs didn't look so good out there on the lawn, but when she finally rounded into shape she was grand.

"There is a chance that my successor will come from Virginia Wolfenden, Mary Osborne, or attractive Pauline Betz. Both Virginia and Mary have the stuff of which champs are made—and with the proper application both might go on to win the crown. Too bad that Virginia likes having a good time so much. She should discipline herself and go to bed early.

"I know that young girls find it difficult retiring every night at eleven, especially if they happen to be dancing with some charming gentlemen, but if you are to become a champion, you just have to do so. You have to make plenty of sacrifices—forego many pleasures—in order to make good. I was able to do it and I can't see why the others can't do it—that is, if they really want to go places in this world."

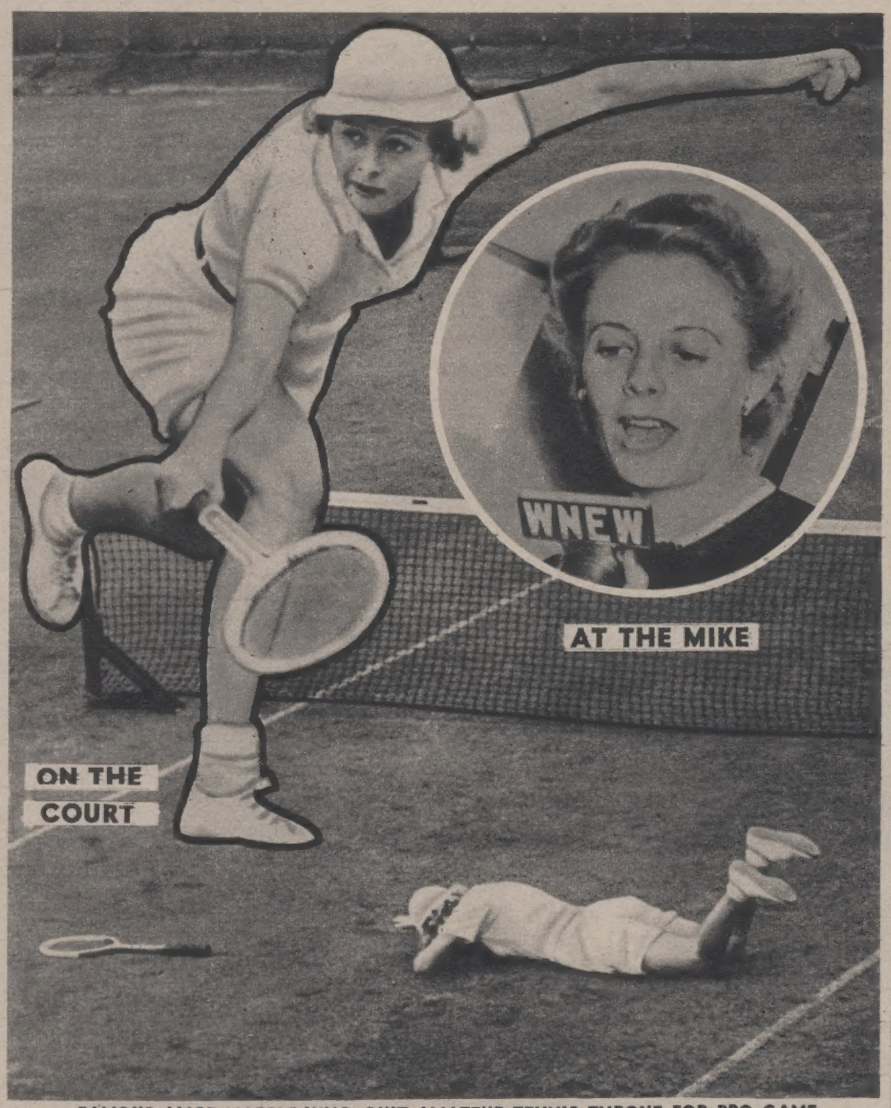
The unpredictable Miss Marble tossed a bombshell into the ranks of the simon-pures when she announced her entrance into the pro game. But she stood out from the rest of the pack so prominently that she was in a class all by herself. With her in an amateur tourney it looked so certain that she'd win it that the tourney wasn't anywhere as good a draw as when the question of an ultimate winner was a matter of guess-work.

It would seem that the trouble with Miss Marble's entering the pro game is that it is doubtful if any member of her sex in the pro ranks could give her any better competition than did the rest of the amateur flock. Miss Suzanne Lenglen, the late French star, was in much the same fix when she turned pro in 1926. However, she came to this country and drew lots of money in a tour with Mary K. Browne. There was such curiosity to see the girl from across the seas in action that it didn't make much difference at the time how good her opponent happened to be. They wanted to see Lenglen against anybody.

In the case of Miss Marble it is a horse of another complexion, as she has been seen so often that it won't be a novelty to see her play—pro player or not. The fans will only take real interest in her when some foe is unearthed that will extend her.

Maybe the next women's national amateur tourney will produce a real star—and in case it does—and she also turns pro, then a match between the two would be a great card.

It no longer is a question of "Alice Where Art Thou?" We all know now where she stands—she's a pro tennis player.



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BIGGEST UPSET IN BOXING'S ENTIRE HISTORY

Zivic's Win over Armstrong Recalls Downfall of Terry McGovern

By ALEX SULLIVAN

WHEN Fritzie Zivic recently scored his sensational fifteen-round victory over Henry Armstrong, world's welterweight champion, who is the only boxer in the sport's entire history ever to hold three world's titles at one and the same time, it probably was the biggest upset in boxing since the Thanksgiving Day in 1901 at Hartford, Conn., when Young Corbett knocked out Terry McGovern in two rounds.

In a way Zivic's triumph over Armstrong was even more sensational than that of the Denver lad over Terry, as McGovern was only a 3 to 1 favorite at ringside whereas the negro boxer was as good as 5 to 1 against his conqueror.

As a matter of fact Hank looked like such a sure winner over Fritzie that the fans stayed away in droves.

As was the case of Corbett over McGovern it was largely heart and confidence that won for Zivic. Corbett had no fear of Terry and even knocked at his dressing-room on his way to the ring, telling him to hurry out and take his licking. Zivic for days before the fight, as well as did his manager Luke Carney, told everyone they met that Armstrong was in for a pasting. But nobody would believe them.

Corbett was the first man that met "Terrible Terry" who wasn't afraid of him and the Pittsburgh lad was the first man that Armstrong fought who wasn't shivering in his shoes before the battle.

That Corbett had the Indian sign on McGovern was proved later when he again rocked him to sleep and Zivic who had Armstrong on the floor and out at the finish is equally confident that when they face each other again he will put Henry away in short order.

Zivic Had Indian Sign on Armstrong

When Corbett beat Terry everybody said it was because the "Brooklyn Terror" had taken him lightly and wasn't in shape. They say that Armstrong had been fighting too much and his bad eyes impaired his work and that should they clash again he will reverse things. However, to all those who saw the fight Zivic appears to have that well-known redskin sign on Armstrong who probably has seen his best days.

Because of his great record McGovern was easily the best fighter of his day whereas most old-timers have declared that they think that the boy managed by Eddie Meade is the best boy his inches that the ring has ever seen.

The pages of the POLICE GAZETTE, the oldest paper of its kind and still going great guns, give some interesting data on the sensational Corbett-McGovern battle at Hartford. Here's what Sam Austin, the leading boxing expert of the time, had to say about the result:

" 'When Terry McGovern goes down it will be in front of a man with an awkward punch and shifty feet.' Some such man as himself who does not boast of cleverness but has the more desirable knack of sending in an 'awkward punch' and using his 'shifty feet to get out of danger.'

"In that manner did Sam Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, estimate the chances Young Corbett would have in a fight with the greatest of all modern fighters, Terry McGovern, when a meeting of the pair was talked of six months ago. How good his judgment was is apparent from the result of the battle which took place at Hartford, Conn., on Thanksgiving Day, when the indomitable, undefeated and seemingly invincible McGovern was beaten down and knocked out in two rounds. William H. Rothwell, or, as he is known in pugilistic circles, Young Corbett of Denver, Col., was the victor and he won in just the manner the POLICE GAZETTE predicted McGovern would be defeated. The latter, for the first time in his career, met an opponent who was not afraid of him, and a clear-headed, strong, quick and shifty boxer, who had a tremendous punch, especially with the right hand. Holding Young Corbett too cheaply and possibly allowing his personal pride to get away with his best judgment, McGovern put up a fight, when the supreme test came, that made his friends and backers throw up their hands in surprise. In the opinion of capable critics who saw the mill McGovern fought more like an amateur than a champion.

McGovern Lost His Head

"That he lost his head and became completely rattled beyond measure when under Corbett's hottest fire in the middle of the second round, there was not a shadow of a doubt in the opinion of the experts. Unable to frighten his man or beat him down in the first round and at the same time receiving punishment that showed the Denver fighter to be a formidable opponent, McGovern concluded to throw science to the winds in the second round and simply slug his opponent to defeat.

ARMSTRONG SHOOTS RAPIER LEFT JUST BEFORE ZIVIC HAD HIM ON ROPES AT END

In so doing, McGovern rushed in wide open, ready to indulge in give-and-take fighting. Corbett, nothing daunted, met him in kind.

"It was a slugging match of such swiftness and so much danger for either man that the crowd was simply crazy. Suddenly Corbett saw an opening and as quick as a flash he whipped in a terrific right hand uppercut that caught McGovern squarely on the point of the jaw. It was a punch that would knock out an ordinary boxer lacking proper physique to withstand it, but in Terry's case it merely dropped him to the floor. It was a clean knockdown and McGovern, for the first time in his life, was groggy. He struggled quickly to his feet, after a count of seven, and steadied himself a second by holding onto the ropes. His brain and sight were temporarily clouded, and his power was for the moment gone. But fighting instinct and the pride of the McGoverns was too much for the befuddled champion and he rushed into the fray again, fighting as a wild hyena.

"He should have taken the defensive by using his feet and clinching at every opportunity until his faculties and strength had returned. But instead of that he bored in with an onslaught that, in spite of his condition, was something awful. Though Corbett, cool-headed, calculating and as powerful as a lion, met Terry blow for blow, he was soon in trouble himself. Both were groggy in a moment and it was anybody's fight, the question being who would land the first blow. First it seemed that Corbett could not stand up under the cannonading, then it appeared to be all up with the champion. Then Corbett, as a last desperate chance, swung a fearful right for the head. It caught Terry on the ear and made him reel. Corbett was instantly ablaze with new courage and physical strength. With a right hand that had the force of a sledge-hammer wielded by a muscular mechanic, he reached the point of the jaw. That was a settler, for McGovern fell over on his back and was counted out by the referee.

Young Corbett Was Underrated

"The result was a complete surprise to everybody. For a moment nobody knew what to make of it, except that 'Terrible Terry' was beaten at last. But among the sporting men there was not to be heard any cry of 'fake.' The fight did not have any indications of double-dealing or wrong doing. It was simply a case of the sporting fraternity overestimating McGovern and underrating Corbett. Whether McGovern was in his best physical condition is a matter that will evoke discussion. It is said that he trained for the mill only ten days. Men who were unprejudiced and saw the former champion at his training quarters were not backward in declaring that he seemed a little drawn when he let up in his work on Tuesday.

"The fight was slated to go twenty rounds at 126 pounds, weigh in at 10 o'clock in the morning, both pugilists scaling at that time under the required limit. They fought for fifty percent of the gross gate receipts, amounting to about $20,000, the winner to receive 65 percent and the loser 35 percent."

Fritzie, the youngest of the famous fighting brothers of Big Smoketown, who has only one other brother still fighting but who had three others stars, so blinded Henry and beat him so terribly and exhausted him so that, at the 15th round bell he was on his face on the canvas.

It was hard to conceive anybody ever believing that Zivic or anybody now in the game could have done that to the aggressive colored boxer. Eventually, of course, it was figured that somebody would do it, but not while he was knocking out other champions, such as Jenkins and other contenders such as Phil Furr whom he met in Washington just before meeting Fritzie.

Zivic Felt Sure He'd Win

New Yorkers never dreamt that Zivic had a ghost of a chance against Armstrong, but he himself felt sure that he could defeat him, as he had seen him fight numerous times and moreover he had hundreds of friends in Pittsburgh who were so confident in his ability that they went to New York for the fight and cleaned up a fortune at the juicy odds of from 3 to 5 to 1.

"Yes, sir! The victory of Zivic over Armstrong sure parallels that other sensational battle at Hartford going on two score years ago when Corbett sprang the great pugilistic surprise by knocking out the supposedly invincible Terry McGovern. And Armstrong was regarded invincible likewise—that is until he ran afoul of Fritzie Zivic.

WITH THE LADY WRESTLERS

Zoska Burska, only 20 years young, is only one of the scores of members of the fair sex now making a hazardous living on the mat, but she is the glamour girl of them all. Even her rivals in Matdom admit it. How they'd love to spoil her features! Maybe they will in time. In the above photo of the set taken at Laurel Gardens, Newark, N. J., she has a stiff lock on the neck of her opponent, Betty La Bushey, who claims the heavyweight championship. Zoska seems to be getting a lot of enjoyment out of the squirming, the groaning and grunting of her adversary—but she should worry and get wrinkles! Zoska earns $75 a night for a single match.

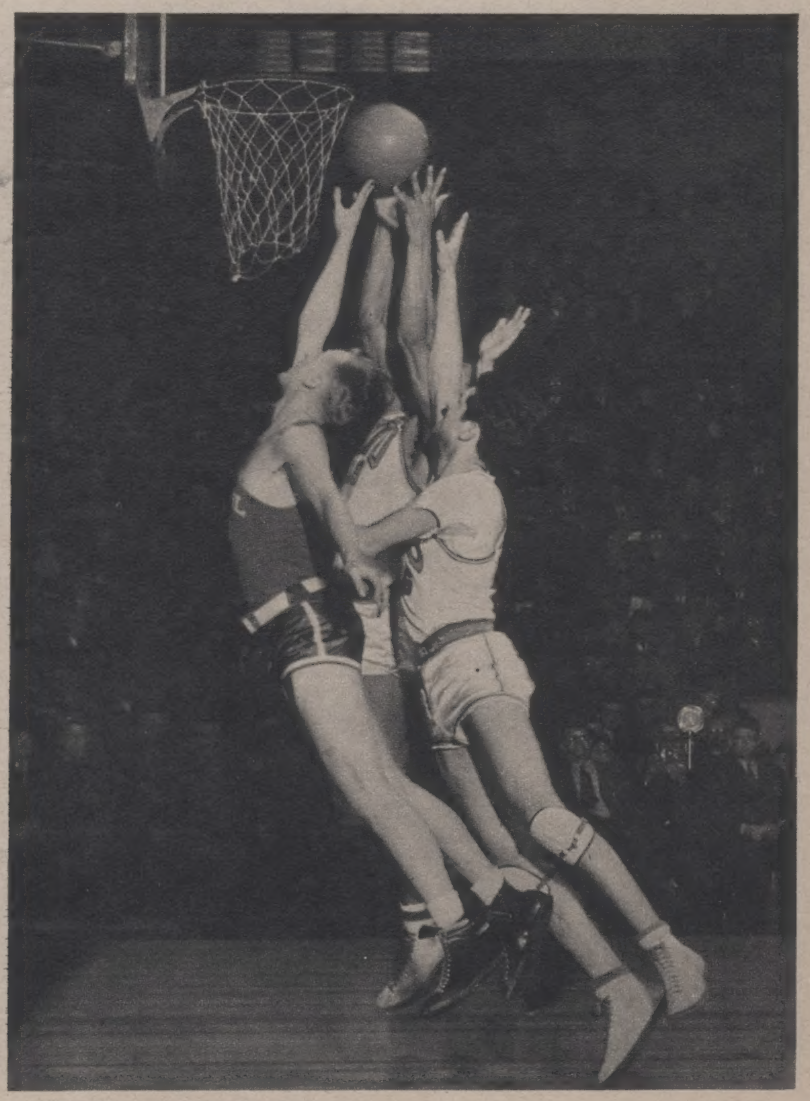
Zoska has her back turned on us now, but she has a leg-lock on her opponent, Betty, and that's enough to spoil the evening of any young girl. Or is it? Zoska, by the way, is a sort of female Jekyll and Hyde—she wrestles by night and is a Wall Street stenog by day. She says she enjoys wrestling better than typing.

Zoska likes to take things easy when she can—what stenog doesn't? So she is sitting on the "bread-basket"—where all those nice noon-time lunches go—and pulling at her tootsies in anything but a lady-like manner. Betty is one champ who can take it—and Zoska is seeing to it that she does. Betty was glad to get to her feet.

Even lady wrestlers must relax and in their dressing room, not knowing there was a photog snooping about—and that's on the level—they relaxed—and how! Zoska appears to be glad it is all over. Her left hand seems to say, "Whoops, my dear!" Betty, the title claimant, is crying. The match is over—decision a draw.

Fouling at its worst was committed by Al "Bummy" Davis when he met Fritzie Zivic in Madison Square Garden, N. Y. Davis took a terrible lacing in the first round and appeared to be doomed for a knockout. In the second round he repeatedly hit his opponent low, dangerously low, some experts counting as many as ten foul blows, as the above unusual photo proves. He was finally disqualified by Referee Cavanagh. So sensational was the ending that it was necessary for the police to enter the ring to prevent a threatened riot. The N. Y. Athletic Commission suspended "Bummy" for life for this berserk demonstration.

Rowing sure does take a severe tug at the heartstrings. Here is the picked surf boat crew of the Coast Guard Station at Manasquan, Point Pleasant, N. J., as they trained for the annual capsize race for the East Coast Championship of the Service, held annually under the auspices of the International Lifeboat Racing Association, Inc.,



Striking basketball shot as Long Island University and De Paul met at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. One De Paul player (left) and two Long Islanders are jumping for the ball after a rebound. The superfast light has frozen the action. Basketball plays to 80,000,000 fans yearly.

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JIMMY WILSON—A BASEBALL HERO AT LAST

"Vet" Catcher Outstanding Star in Entire History of World's Series

By ARCH MURRAY

PITCHER DERRINGER WITH LEG OVER HERO WILSON'S SHOULDER

THERE can be no question of who is the gamest guy in baseball—or any other sport for that matter. His name is Jimmy Wilson, and life really began anew for him at forty. His was a strange, fantastic tale, one that the movie moguls would turn down as too impossible. It couldn't happen, but it did, and thus an aged gaffer with creaking gams became the hero of a World Series that was filled with heroes and it all earned him his new job as Cubs' manager.

The story begins on a hot July night at the Polo Grounds. The Cincinnati Reds, rolling along toward their second successive pennant, were leading the Giants 4—1 going into the last half of the ninth inning. Bucky Walters was pitching in his usual flawless fashion. Young Willard Hershberger was behind the bat.

The crowd started filing toward the exits, sure that the Giants would expire in their usual roll-over-and-play-dead fashion. But this was a night apart. After the first two men had gone out harmlessly, Seeds walked. That didn't seem to mean a thing. But then, after Walters had fired two perfect strikes, Burgess Whitehead hit a home-run into the right field stands. The crowd slowed down, for now the Giants were only one run behind.

Still, with Walters on the mound and nobody on base, the game seemed in the bag. When Buck poured through two strikes on Mel Ott, the mob started moving again. But Ottie waited patiently, and soon Bucky had walked him, too. It was obvious now that the Redleg ace was tiring—and fast. But it looked like a sure thing that he would still get the one out that he needed to win the ball-game.

But the gods weren't smiling on Bucky this night. Gamely, he pulled himself together and rifled through two strikes on Harry Danning, the big Giant catcher. But then lightning struck for the last time that night. Danning powdered Bucky's final pitch high into the upper tier of the left field stands. The crowd poured out onto the field, and all but mobbed Danning as he rounded on the way to the plate. Here was Frank Merriwell in modern dress.

But they didn't notice a slim youngster, his windpad still on, his mask and mitt tucked under his arm, moving disconsolately toward the dressing room. If they did they didn't spot the brooding look in his eyes or the misery in his heart. Young Willard Hershberger, a highly sensitive, high-strung boy, was blaming himself for that bitter defeat of the Reds. "I called the wrong pitches," he said over and over again.

He continued to brood as the team swung aboard the midnight to Boston. And on Friday when the Reds dropped two to the hapless Bees, that was too much, especially since he himself hadn't gotten a hit. All through the night, he brooded, forgetful of Bill McKechnie's quieting words. And on Saturday afternoon, when the team was playing another double-header at the Bee-Hive, Hershberger quietly leaned over the bath-tub in his hotel suite—leaning so as to be sure the blood wouldn't get on the floor—and quietly slit his own throat.

Thus did tragedy strike the Reds in the very midst of their pennant fight. But though it slowed them down momentarily until the shock of Hershberger's suicide had worn off, they kept on coming until they had clinched the flag. Meanwhile Bill Baker, young third-string catcher, had failed to fill the bill as Ernie Lombardi's relief under the bat, and in desperation Bill McKechnie had called old Jimmy Wilson back from the exile of the coaching lines to active duty.

The move didn't seem to mean much at the time. All old Jim had to do was to fill in when Lombardi needed a respite. But then, misfortune struck the Reds again, and shortly before the regular season ended, Lombardi sprained his ankle. And as the Series neared, and Ernie's ankle failed to respond to treatment, the odds tipped over toward the Detroit Tigers, a game gang of oldsters who by sheer heart had come out of nowhere to win the pennant.

"No team," said the experts, "can win the Series with a 40-year-old catcher who has been out of action for three years. The fellow's got a terrific heart, but his legs won't hold up." But Jimmy Wilson just smiled and hauled on his harness and went out there to catch.

When the Tigers routed big Paul Derringer with a five-run blast in the second inning of the first game, these same experts nodded wisely as if to say, "I told you so." Then the Reds, with Walters pitching and Wilson catching, evened the series. Ernie Lombardi hobbled out on one leg to catch the third game with Jim Turner pitching. But Turner blew after six great innings and the Tigers were out in front again.

Wilson Again Makes Good

Ernie's ankle was as big as a pumpkin on the morning of the fourth game so McKechnie called on Wilson again, and Jimmy responded with another beautiful game behind the bat, handling Derringer's pitching assortment in flawless fashion. He was out there again in the fifth game, trying to soothe the ruffled nerves of young Junior Thompson. But Thompson just didn't have it, and the Tigers went out in front for the third time in this see-saw series.

Riding a charley-horse in both legs, Jimmy rolled back to Cincinnati for the wind-up of the Series so tired that he could barely walk. The strain was terrific, the physical torment sheer agony. But Jimmy didn't say anything. He knew that Lombardi's ankle was getting no better fast and that he was the Reds' only hope.

Courage was his chief asset as he handled Bucky Walters' gorgeous five-hitter that brought the teams back to even terms for the last time. As he lay soaking in a salt bath such as he sat in for long hours after every game, Jimmy didn't know whether he could last through another nine innings. Every muscle in his body screamed blatantly for mercy.

Sleep Did Jimmy Good

But after a long night's sleep, Jimmy felt better, though his face was drawn and white with pain and weariness. At breakfast that morning, he told a group of baseball writers, "Take a good look at me today, boys—a good long look. For this is the last time you'll ever see me out there. Nine more innings behind mask and pad. Four or so licks at the plate, and that's all there is for Jimmy Wilson. There won't be any more after this afternoon."

Baseball drama such as the diamond hasn't seen since the days of the Gas House Gang of St. Louis was in the making that afternoon. Buck Newsom, Tiger hurling hero who had pitched a magnificent two-hit shutout only 48 hours before, went to the mound for the Bengals and Duke Derringer, villain of the first game and hero of the fourth, for the Reds.

The odds favored exactly nobody. It was 6—5 and take your choice. And so the aching old gaffer hobbled out behind the plate for his last do-or-die effort. In many years of following sports, I've never seen a gamer guy than Jimmy Wilson was that day. In addition to catching a perfect game, he got two hits and lifted his batting average for the Series to .353.

But the climax came when he stole the only base of the Series. The oldest man on the field was quite a sight as he rumbled down to second, his aching dogs barking a shrill defiance. The bag that he stole now occupies a proud place on the wall of the Wilson abode in Philadelphia. After the game, Mrs. Wilson asked Powell Crosley, Red owner, if she could have it as a souvenir, and he gave it to her.

KERR DREADS "BIG BAD WOLF"

National Hockey League's Foremost Goalie in Mortal Dread of Future

by SAM SAMPSON

"I MAY be considered the best goalie in the game right now," declared Davey Kerr, world's premiere netman of the Champion Rangers of the National Hockey League, "but I can never tell when an accident may put me out for good. Those flying skates and sticks are always a danger to your eyes and skull. I have had some fifty stitches taken in my face and head as a result of mixups in front of my net. Because of the protection the big pads give me the rest of my body is without scars."

Kerr is as game as the proverbial pebble when it comes to playing on the ice—he fears nobody—but once he gets on his clothes and gets away from the arena then he is worried sick about his future. He is afraid that some day he may go broke. He has a charming wife and a one-year-old daughter by the name of Barbara, whom he intends to have educated as well as the finest lady in Toronto where they make their home when the hockey season is over.

"It is because of the fact that I fear for the future that I'm determined to have a good business ready when I have to toss aside my pads," Kerr went on. "I spend all my spare time when touring the country with the Rangers looking for gadgets that I think will sell across the border. When I come across one I endeavor to secure the Canadian selling rights to it. I already have a selling force of fifteen and they're all making money and I'm making money. Maybe by next summer I will find it necessary to double my force. I hope so, anyway, because it will be great when I am able to feel a sense of security about the days to come when I am all washed up in the hockey domain."

As Kerr talks about his family and security you can't help but feel that he doesn't desire wealth for himself, but just for the little woman he married and the little girl they brought into the world.

"I only weigh 167 pounds," continued Davey, "but during every game I lose seven of those pounds. Fortunately, rest and food bring the lost weight back, usually before I again get into a game. If I didn't it would be just too bad for me and I'd probably pass out of the picture just as did Georges Vezina, the best goalie who ever lived. He collapsed one night in Montreal and died in the hospital before ever being able to return to the sport he loved so well and that he did so much to make popular.

"Vezina died during the 1925-26 season and two years later the National Hockey League officials voted to award a trophy in his honor. It is contested for annually. I was fortunate to win it last season. The goalie who has the least points scored against him during the season is presented the cup. I had only 77 points scored against me in 48 games whereas Frank Brimsek of the Boston Bruins, with 98, was second and Walter Broada of the Toronto Maple Leafs with 108 was third."

Kerr is a Modest Player

Kerr is an amiable fellow, but he is so chuck full of business and thoughts of home, besides being modest that he is an unusually hard man to interview—even if you catch up with him, which is no easy matter. Trapping him in his dressing-room is not such a good time to talk to him, either, as after toting around the complete

GOALIE DAVEY KERR

hockey regalia he effects, which is said to weigh 54 pounds, the five foot ten star is all fagged out. You could put his clothes through a wringer when he gets through a game—and just that is done as the club has two driers and two sets of uniforms for each man.

Dave was so exhausted that he flopped on the floor when he entered.

"Oh, boy, what a life!" he exclaimed.

When Dave had cooled off a bit and got his wind he said:

"This is my seventh season with the Rangers and my tenth in the National League. I became a pro with the Montreal Maroons and alternated between that club and their minor league club, the Windsor Bulldogs, until purchased by the Rangers during the 1934-35 campaign. I was born in Toronto and played my first amateur hockey game with the Canoe Club there. Then I joined the Montreal A.A.A. (seniors), Canada's Allen Cup champions in 1928. I was with them until I turned pro and joined the Montreal Maroons in the 1930-31 season. I'm thirty-one years old and Scotch, with a bit of Irish thrown in just for good measure."

Although he may have his own business organization and devotes all his spare time to keeping in touch with it by phone and correspondence, while on the road, still when he is in his hockey "fortress" all his thoughts are on the game. He is said to be the only man in the league interested enough in his profession to carry a reference book on every player, which is much the same as baseball's leading pitchers and catchers do to keep tabs on rival batters.

Kerr is an ideal player from a manager's standpoint. He knows his stuff from A to Z, and is as cool as a cucumber under fire. Everything is mathematical with him and his cool temperament has a balancing effect on the rest of the team. As half of the club's games are away from home during the playing season he, his wife, and daughter live in a modest cottage on Long Island, N. Y.

"Maybe it's the Scotch in me (and I don't mean alcoholic spirits) that makes me saving and worry so about finances," said Dave. "I never want my wife and daughter to be in need, no, never. You can't tell, but any night an accident may put me out of commission for good.

So Far Kerr Pretty Lucky

"So far I've been pretty lucky, but there's no telling how long my luck will last. If I do have to drop out of the game I'm determined to have a business ready that will enable me to carry on in the way that we're accustomed."

Kerr is rated one of the highest paid players in the league. There is a salary-limit of $7,500 but they whisper there is a way of getting around that by putting some relative of the player they desire to compensate better, on the payroll as a "scout" for $1,500 or so a season.

But one thing about Kerr's relation with the Rangers is that they never have any trouble signing him. He's never a hold-out. He knows what he's worth and tells the management the why and wherefor. He loves the game too much—and the money he receives—to ever become a hold-out.

All players in the National Hockey League are attached to some branch of the Canadian service, but don't expect to be called to the colors except in a grave emergency. Our Hero, Davey Kerr, has the rank of a sergeant, but plays ice hockey like a commander-in-chief. No, sir! Davey has no dread of shrapnel, bombs, handgrenades, flying sticks, or skates, but he really does fear the old wolf at the door.

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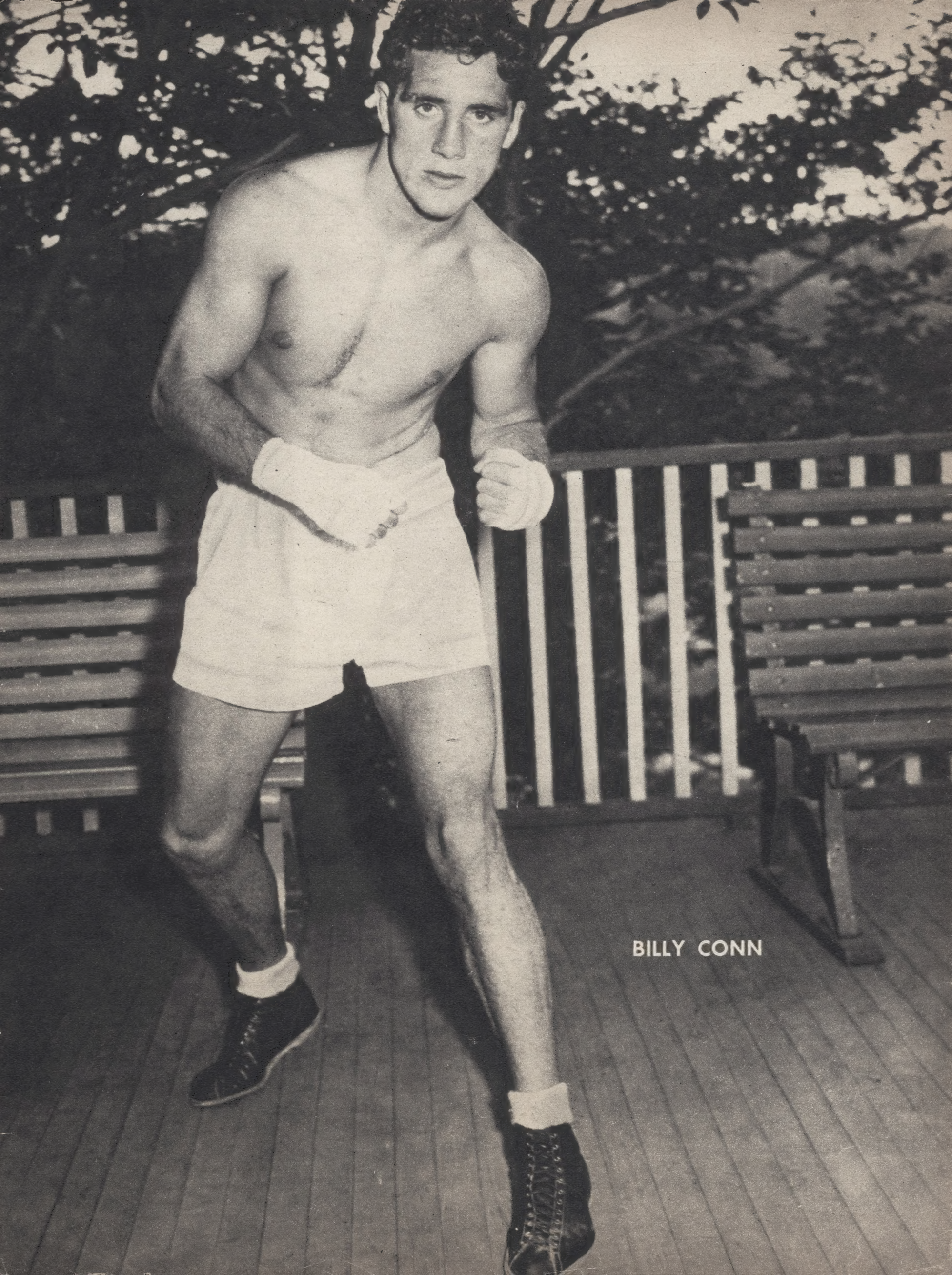

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